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VOLUME 18

No. 4 — Summer — 1955

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Canadian Poetry Magazine

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Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor, Leo Cox, P.O. Box 821, Postal Station "B"—Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture: It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters.

Contributions are needed and would be very welcome.

The Editor and The Management Committee

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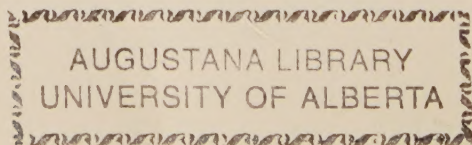
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CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE



Summer 1955

VOLUME 18 - - NUMBER 4

Committee:

EDITOR - - - - - LEO COX

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ON THE HEROIC COUPLET:

"The heroic couplet, which is kept strictly within the limits of its outward structure, is yet as variable within those limits as waves, as the air with its light variations of wind, indeed, as variable as the earth itself with its mountains and plains. The reason why, to an insensitive ear, the heroic couplet seems monotonous, is because structure alone, and not texture, has been regarded as the maker of rhythm".

—Edith Sitwell, on Alexander Pope
(from "A Poet's Notebook"
—Macmillan's)

ON THE HEART OF A POEM:

It is . . . a metre-making argument that makes a poem — a thought so passionate and alive that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing."

—Ibid (quoting Emerson's "The Poet"
from his essays)

Editor's Note



The continuing international scope of our magazine, revealed for the first time in our Spring number by printing the places of origin of our authors, has drawn a good deal of comment; some of it has been favourable, some critical. It should be remembered by critics that, although this is essentially a Canadian publication, a great many of our subscribers live outside Canada. Moreover, as our magazine is listed in writers' year-books and directories, many contributions reach us from the United States and Britain especially. The editor's task is to select the best material available to him at the time of going to press.

The Canadian character will be apparent in the large number of Canadian poets whose verse we publish, and also by our reviews of all worth-while books of verse published in Canada. As space permits, outstanding books of poetry from other English-speaking countries will also be mentioned and commented on occasionally.

We have also received request from some authors whose work we have had to return unused, for comments instead of the usual rejection slip. If time and circumstance permitted this, we would like to give the odd hint of encouragement and advice, for what it might be worth. But a voluntary labour of love, such as editing this magazine, must create its own inevitable limits of work. Later on, it may be possible to write more letters to our poets; I hope so.

Subscribers have been asking about the two missing issues of Volume 18. The Spring issue was numbered 1-3, for the sake of library continuity. But subscribers will be credited with two future issues by our subscription department in Toronto. The next issue will be Volume 19, No. 1 to appear in October, 1955.

Leo Cox

Six

TWO RILKE POEMS

FADED

Lightly, as after her death,
she carries kerchief and glove.
Her cupboards exhale a faint breath
of the fragrance she used to love,
by which she was known in her day.
She no longer asks who she is
("a distant relation", they say),
but sunk in old reveries
anxiously tidies the room
with a prim yet kittenish air,
maybe because the selfsame
girl is still living there.

*Rainer Maria Rilke,
Translated by K. W. Maurer.*

THE STEPS OF THE ORANGERY (Versailles)

Like worn-out kings who ultimately stride
without a purpose, only now and then
to shew the bowing suite on either side
the loneliness within the mantle's hem;
even so the steps between the balustrades
which from the first bowed to the empty air,
climb slowly upwards, likewise by God's grace,
towards the sky and lead not anywhere;
as though they had commanded all their horde
to stay behind and not approach again,
and none might venture of his own accord
even to come and lift the heavy train.

*Rainer Maria Rilke,
Translated by K. W. Maurer,
University of Manitoba,
Winnipeg, Man.*

VI—LAST CHAPTER

Alone she treads her pennyworth routine
With rheumatism for her company
And pictures of the dead, — triumphantly
Green amid desolation, evergreen.
Granny, why do you like to be so old?
"You might say I am stubborn, little one,
Liking to finish what was well begun . . ."
The spicy sap runs deeper than the cold.
Her thimble-orbit spans almighty things:
Habits of never staying down for long;
Of righting what — no matter what — goes wrong;
Small creatures to be fed, waterings.
Sometimes she hums a thready wisp of song
Smoke from the glow of great rememberings.

*Kate Brackett,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.*

REPRISAL

Hunted, the hunter in the junglebrush
Pursues a prey and is in turn pursued
Whether he cuts his way along the lush
And yellow mud where depthless swamps are brewed,
Or races through the canyon-hollowed stone
Of city streets: Whether the prize he chases
Compels him into tangled paths alone
Or lures him into open market places.
How like they are — the tiger-fury hide
Crouched in miasmic shadow, green eyes burning,
And the hot gold lust snarling deep inside
A soul tormented by its endless yearning!
Flicking his rope looped in a deadly coil,
Hunted, the hunter stalks encircling spoil.

*Donna Dickey Guyer,
Chicago, Ill.*

GIOTTO'S TOWER

The triumph of the tower sweeping high,
Touches the blue that stains the Tuscan hills.
One slender finger piercing through the sky,
Where coil of column's grace, white splendour spills.
Into the restless air above the town,
The tip-top arches frame the cypress tall;
Dark shadows taper, falling bravely down,
Where great men dreamed, beyond this carven wall.
This belfry burst its beauty in wild praise,
Before the aching buds, the unblown tree
Had blossomed here, and cast the rose-red blaze
On flowered names, the world had yet to see.
For him, the first fierce thrust of soaring power,
That built an age around this singing tower.

*Richard A. George,
Glen Ridge, N.J.*

THE COLOSSEUM

Here at this axle-tree the great wheel churned,
The central pivot of that mighty realm,
The meeting place to which the world was turned;
To this the wanderer steered his curling helm
Outposts in Asia, Egypt: Goth and Gaul,
Dreamed of, and yearned, for sight of this great place.
To be within the all-embracing wall.
The arch-triumphant, and the hero's face.

Still vast and quivering vividly with light,
Washed by a moon, that fills this cracking shell
With more than life beneath this lifeless night,
So utterly at peace I cannot tell.
The wind's wild whisper and the cricket's shrill
Have dwelling now, the wheel has stood stock-still.

*Richard A. George,
Glen Ridge, N.J.*

BY THE SEA

Peace, which he hopes to find,
Will come when his mind floats up to be
A white gull hung in the simple blue,
When the tide in his blood becomes the tide
Of the sea, drawn slowly out,
When the life in his skin is put to sleep
By the southern breeze's steady touch,
When his spine sinks in to make its mark
In the warm, soft, invertebrate sand,
When, deeply committed to sun and sea,
He has lost all count of the little world
Where the ants still struggle hard to climb
His great cordillera arm.

*K. K. London,
Santa Barbara, Cal.*

ANDERSEN'S MERMAID

Mist on sailors' faces. Cold, thin sweat
On waiting anchors.
Fog whorls bathe the greening bronze and violet
Oil of tankers.
Deep from the half-lit graves and hiding places
Of clammy fingered
Mosses laving granite, deep from bases
Where divers lingered
Momentarily, deep from the requisite
Weight of valor,
Brown without holds or hollows rises. Granite
Throne, and gaoler
Of a nude serenity contemplating steamer
Skiff and mast
Without the auricular heart or blood of dreamer:
Beauty made fast
On stone faced seaward. Seaward to watch and listen
To the horn and plea
For help: to foam-flect prayer and brief glisten
Beyond the quai.

*M. Kilpatrick,
Brownsville, Tex.*

STUDENT

Lug-eared and loose,
With streamlined hair,
He sits in class
A Smith of Smiths,
Writing down his teachers' words
In flawless, empty circles.

How could they know that his blank stare
Was full of the blank, blue
Wing-riven sky?
That he, alone, dedicated,
Lives a forgotten lordliness,
Lives to be lost in the far-flung glory
Of a hawk, ringing high?

He has scars on his wrist
And his eyes are light with the same skylust
Which drives that rising speck of rage
In arrogance of azure to
Command the wind and the slow cloud,
To sweep on steady wing then
Stoop
In fell falcon drop
Haggard out of heaven
Down
To tread the sudden underworld's
Abruptly feathered air.

*K. K. Lendon,
Santa Barbara, Cal.*

WITHDRAWAL

After the burial,
We sit in the ordered room again knitting.
No one need sit up to-night —
There is no need of a watchman
At a gate that is closed forever.
But our lost kinsman had seemed to be with us
For the last ceremonials;
His dignity and kindliness lightened the sadness
Of the rituals for the dead.

The worn faces of the mourners are still—still as the room.
Across our quiet cuts a sharp sound:
Crisp footfalls on the hard roadway,
One walking alone
In the hollow silence of the empty street,
Where lately a procession passed.
Our stricken eyes turn to the window,
The needless drop from our weary fingers,
We strain tired ears to catch the last, faint echo,
Clear-cut diminuendo — ultimate withdrawal —
Now we are alone.

*Anna Letitia Wales,
St. Andrews East, Que.*

BALAAM'S ASS

So now they say you are tired, my heart ; no wonder !
I have ridden you fast and far, over and under.

Ever unquestioning, at my command,
You rose to bear me through an unknown land ;

My spirit carry to ambition's goal,
Or through the deepest searchings of my soul.

You bore with patient loyalty the strain
Of blasting grief, or fulsome joy, or bane.

And with whole gamut of emotions loaded,
At times were sped and spurred and urged and goaded.

But oh, my heart, we were in joyous feather
When you and I adventured forth together !

Still faithful, you have bruised me, that I may
Behold, with you, the angel in the way.

Approaching now the finish of the race,
Content am I that you shall set the pace.

*Ellen Scowcroft,
Victoria, B.C.*

LIDICE

Over the river mists
This moon hangs heavy
With a year of pain.
Full disk of light
Will bring new fall of rain,
Low whisper in the falling night.

Another moon hung on the sleeping sand
And drove its happiness
Through summer land,
Stung with the full, sharp sense
Of coming fall, there in the falling year.

Under the smell of memory and moon
Sea heather and the flowing sands
Will walk
Another Lidice who wears the night
Of other seas and other lands.

*Margaret Church,
Purdue University,
West Lafayette, Ind.*

V. JANUARY THAW

The day is blue and rounded in a bell.
Old ice has left the highway sleek again.
Earth stirs her blanket, baring now and then
Through ragged gaps her soft brown body's swell.
And under frozen layers of wintry peace
There is a thunder in my ribs today . . .
Be still, be still! I locked you safe away.
Time came for all such foolishness to cease.
Because today comes sidling like a lamb,
Would I repeat the seasons' brutal school?
Did I love icy winds? Was anguish dear?
Respectable in rubbers as I am, —
What nonsense is this ache, this melting fear,
This sweetness, sweetness . . . ? Ah, come out, old fool!

*Kate Brackett,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.*

DRY STONE

Swept inland by the beating veil
Of wind
The gulls wheel restless
From the surging sea,
And floating by the moving river mouth
Seek for a refuge from the swelling tide.

We too have fled, and cannot rest
But wander through the winter-laden land
Fixing our eyes upon the stream's clear sand,
And wheeling, sinking in the frosted air.

Our altars face the rising east
And when the noise of the sun has ceased
We raise our heads to druid's sacred stone
Where sun will turn and other suns have shone.

*Margaret Church,
Purdue University,
West Lafayette, Ind.*

ROCK REVISITED

How many years ago was it I lay
On this sea-shaken rock?
How many moments in its granite day,
What pulses of life's clock?

Sunbound, as then, the sky within my mouth,
A magnet grows in me
Uniting east and west, the north and south,
The past with things to be:

Like death, perhaps, this shock
Of space and time set free . . .

*Leo Cox,
Montreal.*

GREEN LIGHT

I shall take to the sea,
I said,
And abandon the problems of land.
As of old
As the mariners sailed to the east
To the rising sun,
I shall sail,
Sail to the edge of the earth
And over,
Sail to the east
And find the stars.

When I was a small child
Words took form and hue,
A motley, precious troop they filed
Beside me as I grew.

And as I grew,
Like rolling drum and tinkling temple bell,
Like scent distilled from white moonlight,
Like a crag-top citadel,
Like madness on a June night,
Like the tramp of marching feet
Were names remote and storied-old,
As Kashmir, Cairo, Crete,
Like scarlet, amethyst and gold
Were Troy and Tungaru
That moved beside me up the years,
Growing as I grew.
And always singing in the van
Like trumpets Circe-sweet
Rode Zanzibar and Samarkand
And Madagascar too.

What makes the foot strain to be off and away?
What lures the heart from the known, the near, the beloved?
Why do the pale moon-flowers of the Ultimate Isles
Glow, for one, like a witch-light? Summoning! Summoning!
Ever the road runs over the hill to a fairer horizon,
Ever a greener vista glints from the heights.

Genes of a roving ancestor centuries gone and yet potent,
Won from the land and his kin, spelled, seduced by the sea.

.
Outward the darkness deepens,
Outward a green light glows
Under a sky that steepens,
Over a sea that flows,
Flows to the far horizon,
Rolls to the distant poles,
Brine steppes for the moon to rise on,
To rule with her august controls.

Over the water faintly
Whispers an eerie bell,
The green light grows, unsaintly
As a covinous eye in hell,
And suddenly iron tongue twanging
Like the clank of the Inchcape knell
Sounds the voice of the buoy bell clanging
A devil's dark roundel.

The shore lights fade
An orange sickle moon
Shines dimly
And a slow, deep roll quickens the ship.
I have come home:
Progenitor, I have come home!

*Marjorie Freeman Campbell,
Aldershot, Ont.*

LIGHT, YOU SAY, IS ROUND

Light, you say, is round ;
The universe has limit ;
There's nothing without bound
Out of the world or in it.

Yet, with no first or last
Wherever the orbits tend,
And time an endless past
Clocked to a timeless end,

How can we (a mere crumb
Of this eternity)
Probe to kingdom come
Or the prime mystery ?

Oh, not by symbol, chart
Or cunning of man's brain
Shall we unlock the heart
Of the seven-sealed domain ;

Nor all our plaint or prayer,
Nor wonders by us wrought,
Win us to what is there —
If there, indeed, is aught.

Yet seek, antagonist,
(Whatever the means employed)
To bring us through the mist
Of utter dark and void.

And though the search be vain,
(It cannot else but fail)
To strive is to attain ;
To hope is to prevail.

*Gustav Davidson,
New York.*

O PIONEER !

From Malton field to Saskatoon
Grey daybreak to the glare of noon,
Over the gleaming lakes I tossed,
Forest and plains and fields I crossed,
Roads marking scenes with threadlike lines
And streams spread in serpentines.
Flat, quiet cities hurried by
To sink at edge of earth and sky.

An ox-cart here I came to see,
Retrieved to point a jubilee,
The man who made it drove it,
No cover but the sky above it.
He fought the enemy of distance,
Then broke the stubborn soil's resistance,
Wrote nation's history on sod,
Turning grass and turning clod.
Long since the ox-cart marathon,
Long since his dreary work was done.

He saw more than my blurry scene
Valley and hill and in between ;
Than I with jets and sciences,
My gadgets and appliances.
He never tripped a thousand mile,
I never made a wide plain smile,
Nor brought battalions after me ;
I never built a fair country.
O Pioneer, thy jubilee
Brings back a quickened memory.

*Louis Blake Duff,
Saskatoon, Sask.*

SAGAN

Sagan,
A small place to be remembered
Amid symbolic bombed cities
Of Warsaw,
Rotterdam,
Of Belgrade,
Coventry,
Of Kharkov,
Stalingrad,
Of Chungking,
Of London,
Air-raids in ratio war blundered
On Hamburg,
And Berlin.

Fifty,
Small number to be remembered;
Twenty thousand died in cities,
Like Hamburg; in one hour perished
Hiroshima,
Nagasaki;
Sagan
A small place to be remembered.

*R. K. Hallam,
Toronto, Ont.*

"Sagan" tries to commemorate an event of the Second World War. Stalag Luft 111, Sagan, Upper Silesia, Germany; a prisoner of war camp in Germany from where eighty prisoners escaped in April 1944. Three reached Sweden and were flown home, fifty — including a number of Canadians — were shot on recapture.

TRANSLATION

On Walmer Road a murmur
of starlings fret the sleeping night,
and lovers waken in translation
from dreams of love to love's delight.

*George Walton,
Regina, Saskatchewan.*

VANTAGE

All childish eyes are dazzled
For the earth seems treasure-trove.
Young manhood sees no farther
Than the radiant face of love.
Old eyes turn backward down the slopes
That look so long to climb.
Only the dead look upward.
They have time.

*Dale Scott,
Kingston, Ont.*

BURN IN WINTERTIME

Gaunt in the moonlight,
Grim beneath the sun,
Like a maimed and eerie orchard
The charred pines run.
Their alien autumn glory
Quenched with the fire's harsh glow,
They ape a spring renewal
In the icy bloom of snow.

*Dale Scott,
Kingston, Ont.*

SILVER THAW

They wed, but the joining was like two poles
On a chill prairie, linked by rime white wires.
So prim, this harsh man and bleak maid, whose souls
Were starched with frost; and though the ghostly fires
Of a winter sun thawed their torpid blood,
And the wires sang for the beat of a heart,
Their prudery crept in and stemmed the flood
With ice, until the strained link snapped these two apart.

*Dorothy M. Stranix,
Ottawa, Ont.*

THIS COUNTRY, CANADA

I have ventured beneath the trees of the forest
And have stood, unafraid, listening ;
But crying the pines were, softly, held in the wide, wide arms
of the night,
And I stilled my breathing and left them, as softly.

I have climbed, with an arrogance of limbs, to the uttermost
crag,
Poised on a pillar of air ;
I looked down once, and then closed my eyes
Whilst time and space hurtled past me to the clangour of
eternity ;
And I clasped the cold body of the crag and wept.

Once I set out to conquer the prairie.
With heavy metal hands I crushed the strength of the unending
spaces,
And stood, sky-high.
But howsoever I turned I could not evade the eyes of the
unspeaking horizon,
And at last I sank to my knees and bowed my head.

Yesterday I walked out to witness the birth of a new day.
Defiantly I stepped across the threshold
And caught the mountains, shaken by the alarums of the sun,
rocking in an agony of colour.
And I covered my face with my hands
And returned quickly to the brave smallness of my house.

*Elfreida Read,
Vancouver, B.C.*

MARY IN BETHLEHEM

Now, when the winds are silenced,
Now, when the night upholds
Each star in lonely splendour
And every star is told,

Surely this fire is gladness,
What portion have these tears?
I watch whilst you are sleeping
And touch your hand in fear.

Now that the gift is ours,
And the shaken earth fulfils,
How heavy is this greatness,
Now, when the winds are still.

*Elfreida Read,
Vancouver, B.C.*

VESPERS, COUNTRY CHURCH

I heard the parson's voice trail on and on
from platitude to pointless platitude.
I saw him standing in the pulpit there
a faded and a hopeless little man
and boredom creaked and crept from aisle to aisle.
But, by my pew an open window gave
out on late August, where a range of hills
ran up to counter the declining sun,
— and still the weary voice trailed on and on.

Then slanting eastward evening sunlight came
and gilded blowing tufts of grass and trees
and barns and stacks and cattle. The long shadows
moved down the slopes and marched across the fields,
and drowsing in my pew I half-discerned
a centaur on the height reach out his arms
and seize the sun and firmly grasping it
plunge out of sight!

Amazed, I gaped and stared.
An organ woke. The church was filled with sound.

*George Walton,
Regina, Saskatchewan*

SUFFOCATION

The laws of God and man
Push us down.
We smother ourselves
With negatives.
Where is the man, the ego?
Lost, forgotten, ignored,
As one thinks for many
And many not at all.
Does satiety
Dull our senses?
Better to be
A half starved wildcat
Than a docile domesticated lap dog.

*Barbara Nease,
Toronto.*

THIS "I"

Out of self and the self's self it came,
Not to be touched or felt or called by name.

Yet as an old garment it was familiar,
Or to the cathedral nave the worn pillar.

I did not seek nor ask, yet here it was
So close to me not even doubt could raze.

Henceforth I went wrapped in a velvet cloak,
Armed to defy the persistent raven's croak

With this small more than nothing that would light
The roughest road in storm and starless night.

*Myrtle Reynolds Adams,
London, Ont.*

CHILD EYES

Once I knew a moment bright with nothing,
Insubstantial to the very core.
A hummingbird in the yard that was all summer
Threaded a song about the kitchen door.

I remember the shape of noon, its blue and crystal,
Leafy flicker, splurge of bursting roses.
Yet not for these but for the moment intrinsic
Did tongue on tongue within the heart sing praises.

The sun flaked yellow down the dazzling windways.
I tasted glitter where the bright wind poured.
Innocence bowed low to its own image.
The sky was painted and the apple and the green sward—

So richly time-wrought are the later years
Remembrance may be overly encumbered
With dids and weres, too brimmed and over-mellowed,
Montage of the awake and the long slumbered.

*Myrtle Reynolds Adams,
London, Ont.*

TIME PATTERN

Passing from us still the moments slide
Each after each (or are they standing still?)
The scientists count aeons and decide
That all our years are grass upon a hill.
Backward we look and find in memory
Some facets of a gemlike radiance.
The present fastens on mentality,
The future none may reckon in advance.
Yet are they one, marked out by path of earth,
Steadied by laws that never deviate, —
Hours, minutes, seconds have their certain birth,
Become our history. Such is our fate.
We are a part of universal rhyme,
The flowing pattern of unrolling time.

Clara Hill Maunsell
Victoria, B.C.

Book Notices

"THE DREAM IS CERTAIN" by Doris Hedges: Christopher, Boston, \$1.50.

This narrative poem is an ambitious attempt to plot the path of self-destruction which, before the recent communist volte-face, the world seemed to the author to be taking. But her trust in God and her faith in man produce a final, if desperate, note of light at the poem's end.

Mrs. Hedges' ideas are always original, and, as in this case, cry out for a larger canvas and a surer brush than her talent provides. Yet one is impressed by the touches of fierce beauty here and there, underlined by her strong sense of the dignity of the human spirit.

One gets the feeling here that the poet may yet, in her fruitful groping, achieve some startling synthesis of her undoubted talents, in some book to come.

—L.C.

"LETTERS IN CANADA" — 1954 — Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse. University of Toronto Quarterly (April 1955). \$1.50.

Once again a thorough academic and critical annual account of the state of letters in Canada has been published under the able editorship of A. S. P. Woodhouse. Poetry is tackled by critic Northrop Frye who deals competently and severely with the poetry parade of last year. His astringent comments on "Canadian Poetry in English" may win him agreement among university cliques, but will draw fire from many other lovers of poetry whose tastes are more catholic, if less academic. These latter folk may think that Mr. Rhodenizer's introduction which he attacks, is no more "preposterous" than some of his own remarks. The essay is very useful and stimulating. The sections on fiction, etc., are even more valuable to students of Canadian literature, but lie outside the scope of our columns.

—L.C.

"L'ÂME DE LA POÉSIE CANADIENNE FRANÇAISE". Selected, edited and with biographical notes by Laure Rièse. Macmillan, Toronto, cloth \$3.50, paper covers \$2.75.

The editor of this anthology aimed to stimulate the general public to read more French Canadian poetry, but in particular to provide a useful introduction for her students. Her book seems to fulfil these purposes admirably, as it ranges through nearly a century, omitting the earliest period and the most recent. Many selections have been made from the works of that unhappy genius Emile Nelligan, whose poetry ceased at the beginning of the century though his life went on for another forty years, and from the contemporary poet Robert Choquette, including two passages from his latest book "Suite Maritime". The editor's introduction and notes are lively and fair on the whole, and as standard anthologies are now difficult to buy, this new volume is welcome.

—British Book News No 178.

"THE SECOND SILENCE" by Miriam Waddington. Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$2.50.

A collection of lyrics celebrating and exploring the common human experience of childhood, love, marriage, and work. The author, a professional social worker, reveals an active and passionate interest in the individuals and society around her, and draws from her experiences to produce poetry rich in feeling and insight. Although working in traditional poetic forms, the author's feeling for the texture of words and her use of playful illuminating imagery create a highly individual and original style.

—British Book News No 178

"A JIG FOR THE GYPSY" — Robertson Davies. Clarke, Irwin, Toronto. \$2.00

Our Welsh-descended star humorist has written a readable, actable play dealing with gypsies, magic and politics. The scene is laid in a small Welsh market town during the elections of 1885 when a Gladstonian Liberal rides to victory on the loosely interpreted prophecy of a gypsy fortune-teller. It is a light-hearted play, but it casts a few sardonic glances at the frailties of human nature. The characters are strongly drawn and many of the lines sing with the Welsh rhythm. "A Jig for the Gypsy" was first produced at the Crest Theatre in Toronto in September, 1954, and later was produced in England by Tyrone Guthrie.

—Adapted from British Book News No. 178

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